

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Conducted by Ada W. Paul.

Dear Boys and Girls:

How do you like the idea of a page all to yourselves every month? don't you think it sounds good? And it easily can be made good if you will help me, for after all a Children's Page would not be the right title for it if I did all the writing, so I am going to ask you to take your share, and let me know of anything you see or hear which will be of interest to other children, never mind if it does not happen right here on the island. The grown ups do not expect to have only local news in their papers, so let us see if we cannot find out things which children are doing in other places. Of course we want to hear about what the island children are doing as well, so send in your reports of games, etc, and let us see if, between what I contribute, and what you do, we cannot have the grown ups looking forward to the last issue of the Garden Island each month as well as the children.

CARNEGIE AND LINCOLN

You have been hearing a great deal about that wonderful man Abraham Lincoln and you have all heard about the late Andrew Carnegie, who rose from a very poor boy to be one of the world's richest men, and one who was not only very rich but who did a great deal of good with his money, and you may have also heard how he became in later life the companion of some of the world's greatest people, great in every sense of the word, but you may not have heard that in his young days he came into contact with Lincoln.

In that very fine book, "The Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie," published by Thomas Allen, Toronto, he tells how when he was, during the Civil War, in charge of the telegraph department at Washington and had to visit the office in search of information, he came into contact with Lincoln quite often.

Speaking of Lincoln he says: "He certainly was one of the most homely men I ever saw when his face was in repose; but when excited or telling a story, intellect shone through his eyes and illuminated his face to a degree which I have seldom or never seen in any other. His manners were perfect, because they were natural, and he had a kind word for everybody, even the youngest boy in the office. His attentions were not graduated. They were the same to all, as deferential in talking to a messenger boy as to Secretary Seward. His charm lay in the total absence of manner. It was perhaps, not so much what he said as the way he said it that never failed to win out. I have often regretted that I did not note down carefully at the time some of his curious sayings, for he said even common things in an original way. I never met a great man who so thoroughly made himself one with all men as did Mr. Lincoln." As Secretary Hay says, "It is impossible to imagine anyone a valet to Mr. Lincoln; he would have been his companion. He was the most perfect Democrat, revealing in every word and act the equality of man."

THE PUZZLING HYPHEN

"As to lady-bugs, let me tell you what happened in Westport, Massachusetts, while my family were living there. The teacher was giving the youngest scholars their introduction to the hyphen, and they had 'lady-bug' before them on the blackboard. They knew 'lady' and they knew 'bug' but no one in the class knew what the little line in the middle might mean, and they were scared. Suddenly one little fellow remembered the sign of subtraction in arithmetic, and made up his mind that he saw just what was meant, and he read it off gleefully, 'Lady, take away the bug.'—Christian Endeavor World.

GOING HOME ON A FURLOUGH

"Now, children," asked the teacher of a class in United States history, "who can tell me what a furlough is?" Several hands went up.

"Well, Noah," said the teacher to a fifteen year old pupil, "you may tell me what a furlough is."

"Why, it's a mule," answered Noah with an air of confidence in himself. The teacher could not refrain from laughing, and some of the pupils did likewise.

Noah blushed, but said, "I can prove it." Then turning the leaves of his history, he came to the picture of a soldier mounted on a mule, under which was printed these words: "Going home on a furlough."

Why is a peach-stone like a regiment in the American Army? Because it has a kernel (Colonel).

NICKETY NIP STORIES

Once upon a time two little boys called Osan and Pedro were going home from school when they spied some sugar cane which looked so good that they thought they would like to eat some, so they sat down and soon were having a fine time.

All of a sudden, they heard such a strange noise just behind them that for a time they were quite frightened, for they knew very well that they ought to be getting home instead of sitting there. However, they could not see anything, so after a while they picked up their pieces of cane and began eating again. By and by the sound came again, and this time they looked round really hard and soon found, what do you think—a funny little man perched right up at the top of a stick of cane. He was very small, only about the size of a mouse, with big eyes and, strangest of all, great big ears, bright green in color, which he could wag and move about in any way he wanted; and when he laughed they saw that his teeth were bright blue, which looked so funny that they had to laugh also, and so they soon became quite friends.

"Pray, where do you come from?", asked Osan, and the little man pointing his thumb over his shoulder towards some high hills, which was not at all polite of him but he did not know any better, told them that his name was "Nickety Nip", and that he was a very wise little man because he could skip from one country to another and see all that was going on, and so could tell them all sorts of things that they did not already know.

Just then Pedro, who was rather a greedy little boy and had eaten his cane very fast while Osan was talking to Nickety, swallowed a piece, which made him choke, so the little man turned round and asked what it was they had been eating. Of course they both told him that it was ever so nice, just like candy, and what was best of all, they did not have to pay for it, and they scarcely believed him when he told them that too much sugar, for that is what cane really is, was very bad for children, causing all sorts of trouble, and as they only laughed at him he got cross, wagged his left ear, which was the brightest green, and disappeared.

Well, Osan and Pedro had a great time, ate as much cane as ever they wished, as well as all the candy and ice cream anyone would give them, and laughed more and more at the idea of such things being bad for them, but alas before long Osan began to feel very sick and had great big boils, which hurt him very much breaking out all over him, and poor Pedro was also very sorry for himself for he had a terrible pain in his tummy, and his head ached something terrible, and they both got worse instead of better, so their mothers took them to the Hospital. The Doctor looked at them and said at once, "These children have been eating too much sugar," and explained to their mothers that children ought only to have a very little sugar, as any but a small quantity was very bad for them, overheating and poisoning the blood, causing sores, boils and even worse things. Also that it ferments in the stomach, causing gas which is very painful. And what is worst of all, it is very bad for the teeth, causing not only toothache, but eventually destroying the teeth, which is a very serious thing.

Now when Osan and Pedro heard what the Doctor was saying, they knew that what Nickety Nip had told them was true, for in addition to their other troubles, both frequently had toothache which came from decaying teeth, and they wished they could see him again, but it was quite a long time before they did, and what he told them then must wait for another day.

BLIND MAN'S WAND, A NEW GAME

Have you ever played Blind Man's Wand? It is not unlike Blind Man's Buff, but the player who is blindfolded has a stick or wand.

The other players, joining hands, dance around him in a circle until he stretches out his stick. The player at whom the stick is pointing has to take hold of the end and answer in a disguised voice any two questions the blind man asks him. If the blind man recognizes the voice the other player must take his place in the circle, but if not, he must try again until he does recognize a voice. Be careful not to let the blindman have too long a stick or he may hit someone.

Riddles
Which is the left side of a plum pudding?
That which is not eaten.

VIOLA MAY AND THE SHADOW-BEES

(By Maude M. Grant.)

Viola Victoria Claribel May
She never was ready for work or for play.

She was late for her breakfast and late at her school,
She was late at her classes (and so broke the rule.)

"Why do you not hurry, Victoria May?
"I'm more than discouraged", her mother would say.
"Some day you'll be sorry you've loitered on so,
"For people won't wait for you always, you know."

One evening her uncle in motor car gay
Whirled up to the curbing,—"Where's Viola May?"

"I'm going out motoring now in the park,
"We can take a nice ride before it is dark."

"I'm here, uncle dear," cried Viola May
"Just wait for one minute, I'll come right away."

Her uncle he waited and waited in vain,
"I'll not wait any longer nor ask her again."

So off drove her uncle away in the park
And Victoria May lost a ride in the park.

Now the good Shadow-Bees, whom you've heard of no doubt,
Sent one of their number, a good little scout.

Who should look up the children and report, if you please,
Those with serious faults to the good Shadow-Bees.

So the Shadow-Bee scout came and perched on a gate,
And watched for Victoria, who was always late.

He ran to the school and peeped cautiously in.

"Why, Viola Victoria, where have you been?"

Said the teacher quite crossly, "That's eight marks this week,

"I really will have to your mother to speak."

"I'm sorry, Miss Kate," said Victoria May.

"I really did not mean to be late today."

"Come, sit in your corner, and write on your slate,

"You must make up lost time," said her teacher, Miss Kate.

So into the corner did Viola go,
Her slate and her pencil were on her lap, so—

Then a strange thing happened,—just think, if you please,
Of a swarm like a cloud of the good Shadow-Bees.

Who'd been told by their scout of Victoria May,
And now they had swarmed in to snatch her away.

They whirled her afar, o'er the leafy green trees,
To the haunts and the homes of the good Shadow-Bees.

They brought her before King Shadow-Bee gray,
Who should sit in the judgement of Viola May.

A great book he had full of marks, great and small,—
"Tis the record of time you have wasted in all."

"Tis not only your own time, but of others,—you see,
"And this must be paid back", said King Shadow-Bee.

"But while paying back time, you must work very hard,
"And so get the black marks removed from your card."

So Viola Victoria Claribel May worked hard for the kind Shadow-Bees every day.

At the end of a year when her record was clean,
Among schoolmates and friends Victoria was seen.

"I'll ne'er waste more time, nor be late," she'd say,
So the Shadow-Bees cured Victoria May.

THE DULL BOY

Who is the "dull boy"? To the Greek professor he is the boy who cannot learn Greek. To the professor of mathematics he is the boy who cannot learn calculus. To the whole literary or classical faculty he is the poor fool whose brains will only absorb facts of physics or chemistry. To the witty man he is the awful creature who sits solemn over our latest joke or epigram. To the serious man he is the laughing ninny who persists in treating life as a comedy.

In brief, the "dull boy" is the square peg whom somebody is trying to fit into a round hole.—New York World.

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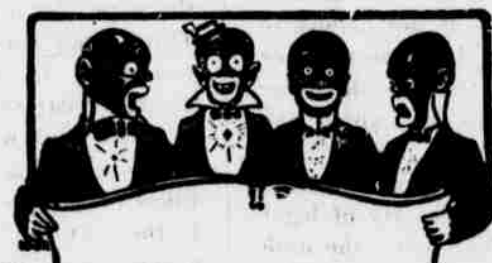
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KAUAI GARAGE

Agents



De program am now complete fo de gran

Minstrel Show

Among de varyus items, Mistah Hib Case am plannin to sing a berry lubly lil song by de name ob "Peepin thru de Knot Hole in Father's Wooden Leg." But de committy dont like dat ere voice ob Hib's an dey doant want him to sing no song lak dat at de

Tip Top Theatah Saturday, March 5

Ah doant know whevver he'll git to sing it er not. Ef yo wants to fin out you'll haf to be dar. Yo'll see mo buck and wing dances, yo'll heah mo jazzy musick and bone solos an learn mo scandal about yo 'naybors dan yo evah thot existed. All de cash am to be giv to de Lihue Public Liberry. Buy yo ticket now at de Lihue Store.